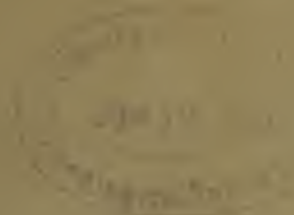


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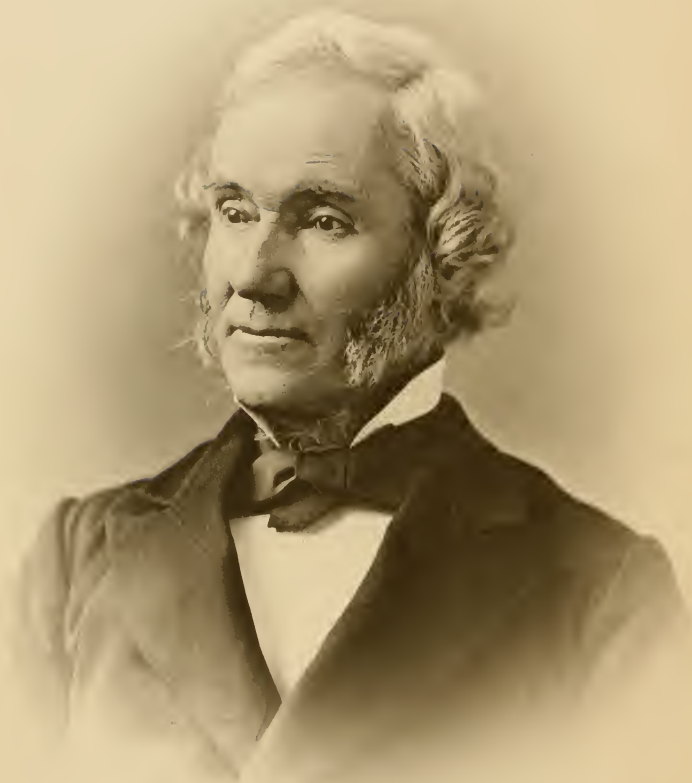
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In Memoriam

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William Henry Green

In Memoriam

JAMES CLEMENT MOFFAT, D.D.

June 7, 1890

JAMES CLEMENT MOFFAT was the eldest son of David Douglas and Margaret Clement Moffat, and was born at Glencree in the south of Scotland, May 30, 1811. He landed at New York, July 29, 1833; his father, with the rest of the family, having come to America the preceding year. He was twice married; first, at Easton, Pa., October 13, 1840, to Ellen, daughter of John and Elizabeth Stewart, who died at Oxford, O., July 15, 1849. Of the three children of that marriage, the eldest, Edward Stewart, is now a resident of Scranton, Pa., and general manager of the Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company. Clement, the second child, died at Princeton in the eighth year of his age; and Elizabeth, the third, died in infancy at Oxford, O.

His second marriage was at Oxford, O., December 26, 1850, to Mary B., daughter of Professor Thomas J. Matthews of Miami Uni-

versity, who died at Princeton, N. J., April 9, 1875. Of this marriage there are seven living children, four sons and three daughters, viz.: James Douglas, architect, New York City; Henry, physician and surgeon, Yonkers, N. Y.; Alexander, electrical engineer, New York City; William David, occupying a position in the publishing house of Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City; Ellen Stewart, wife of Rev. Charles Lowell Cooder, rector of Christ's Church, Pottstown, Pa.; Annie and Mary Belle. Three children died in infancy, viz.: Stanley, Robert, and Margaret McClellan.

The funeral took place Wednesday afternoon, June 11. It was a beautiful day, clear and cloudless. All the living members of the family, with other relatives, were present. At two o'clock there was a brief private family service at the house, conducted by a relative. The public service was at three o'clock in the Second Presbyterian church. The honorary

pall-bearers were the Rev. John T. Duffield, D.D., J. Stillwell Schanck, M.D., LL.D., and the Rev. Henry C. Cameron, D.D., of the college; Casper W. Hodge, D.D., Charles A. Aiken, D.D., and the Rev. William M. Paxton, D.D., LL.D., of the seminary.

The funeral address, which it is the object of this Memorial to preserve, was by the Rev. William H. Green, D.D., senior professor of the seminary. President Patton of the college read selections from the Scriptures, and Ex-President Dr. McCosh offered prayer. The hymns sung were, "My Jesus, as Thou wilt," and "Asleep in Jesus."

After the service at the church, the procession moved to the cemetery where rest the ashes of so many of Princeton's honored dead. At the grave the Rev. Lewis W. Mudge, D.D., pastor of the Second church, made a beautiful brief address in the words of Scripture, and the Rev. Dr. Duffield pronounced the benediction.

Memorial.

By H. Henry Green D.D.

THERE is nothing more admirable among men than a useful, well-spent life, filled with patient, persevering, and successful labor, devoted to what is pure and true and good, faithfully employed in serving God and in the upright discharge of duty in all human relations, and crowned with length of days beyond the usual term. The honor attaching to such a life lies not so much in its surroundings as in its intrinsic character. We honor the man for what he is and shows himself to be, rather than for the accidents of his position. The statue is of greater consequence than the pedestal which holds it up to view. The figure in the picture is of more account than the background, which only serves to bring out with greater distinctness merits which inhere in the figure itself. }

The quiet, unobtrusive life of a scholar and a teacher may be inconspicuous and not attract the gaze of the multitude like those which are conducted on a more prominent arena. It is not trumpeted by fame. It does not sparkle on the page of history. It fills an inconsiderable space and moves within a narrow sphere. It is retired, noiseless, and uneventful. But it offers scope, nevertheless, for the exercise of great and noble qualities. Unflagging earnestness is shown in the persistent pursuit of knowledge, digging for it as for hid treasure, sparing no pains in its acquisition, toiling unobserved, not for applause, not for mercenary gain, but for intellectual wealth which may store the mind and may enrich others. And the impelling motive is love for truth for the truth's sake. The object of his quest is what is true and what is right, not what may promote some interested purpose or serve some partisan end. And hence the true scholar, however firm his convictions, strives to maintain an unbiassed mind and a candor

which welcomes fresh light from every quarter, and seeks to apprehend whatever is good wherever it may be found. His studies bring him into converse with the great thinkers of every age and of every land, who have penned their thoughts upon the subjects with which he deals, and thus his views are broadened as well as rendered more profound.

But this quiet toil does not terminate exclusively upon himself. A life passed in scholarly retirement is not, therefore, uninfluential. Silent forces are oftentimes the most powerful. The pen is mightier than the sword, and who can measure the influence which has been exerted by a teacher who has for fifty years been impressing himself upon the minds and hearts of successive generations of pupils, whose studies he has guided, whose minds he has quickened, whose thoughts he has directed, whose lives he has enriched, whose characters he has helped to form? What a power has been directly exerted upon those who have sat at his feet, and heard his

words, and received his counsels, and imbibed his ideas, and caught the inspiration of his enthusiastic admiration of the beautiful and the good, and his whole-souled love of the pure and the true; his transparent honesty, his unwearied devotion to duty, the gentleness, humility, urbanity, simplicity, sincerity, which so charmingly adorned his whole spirit and temper; his childlike faith in the word of God, and the fervor of his personal attachment to his Lord and Redeemer. And if the direct influence cannot be measured, who can trace the waves of spiritual and intellectual energy which he has set in operation, as they perpetuate and propagate themselves from each and all of this vast train of pupils as so many centres widening and spreading almost without end?

Dr. Moffat ever felt an honest pride in claiming Scotland as the place of his birth—the land of John Knox and of Robert Burns. He brought from it his vigorous constitution, the ineffaceable Scotch tone of his voice, an en-

thusiastic admiration for the scenery, the history, the literature, and the institutions of his native land. When, some years since, he revisited the scenes of his childhood, after a long period of absence, it was with untold delight that he retraced the objects familiar in his early youth—the mountain slopes on which he had pastured his flocks as a shepherd boy, the lake that reposed at their foot, and the scattered habitations of kindred and neighborly households—and sought out the few remaining survivors among the friends of long ago. He never spoke of this visit but in glowing terms. He could never hear or utter the Scotch dialect without kindling into fervor. The simple-hearted piety learned at his godly mother's knee was inwrought into every fibre of his being. He was inborn and ingrained a true Scotch Presbyterian, not in any bigoted or prejudiced sense, but with a thorough, honest conviction.

In 1833, when he was twenty-two years of age, he removed to this country. He was at

that time a printer, having worked at the trade for five preceding years. By the most extraordinary diligence he had been prosecuting studies during all this time, not only in English literature, but in Latin, Greek, French, German, and Hebrew, using for this purpose hours saved from sleep in the early morning. His avidity for books had shown itself when he was but a child. His mother had cultivated his infant taste by repeating to him stories from the Bible and from Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." And when, at the age of ten, he was set to watch the sheep, he eagerly read all the volumes that he could borrow, while the flock was grazing or reposing.

When he arrived in New York, he sought employment as a printer, and had no other thought than that of continuing in that occupation. But Providence had determined otherwise, and a most unexpected turn was given to all Mr. Moffat's plans of life through the influence of a friend of his father's—a Mr.

Douglas, originally from Scotland, but then resident at Charleston, S. C. Mr. Douglas, chancing to be in New York, met young Moffat on Broadway, as he was in quest of a place, and persuaded him to come to Princeton. Here he was introduced to Dr. Maclean, then professor of Greek in the college, who examined him and admitted him to the Junior class. The expenses of his college course, which he had not sufficient means to meet, were defrayed by the generosity of his friend. Although this was freely offered as a gift, and was so intended by his benefactor, for whom he always cherished the most grateful admiration and affection, Mr. Moffat regarded it in the light of a debt of honor, and never rested until, as he became able in later life, he returned every cent of this most serviceable loan.

Mr. Moffat graduated in 1835, in the same class with several who gained distinction in various professions. Among others I may make special mention of the martyred mis-

sionaries, Oren K. Canfield and Levi Janvier, the former of whom fell an early victim to the inhospitable climate of Africa, and the latter was a prey to the fanaticism of one of the Sikhs in India; also Joseph Owen, another missionary in India, to whom he was warmly attached, and to whom he rendered a friendly tribute by writing his memoirs, under the title of "The Story of a Dedicated Life."

Upon his graduation, on which occasion the valedictory was delivered by him, he went to New Haven in the capacity of private tutor of two promising young South Carolinians, and availed himself of the opportunity thus afforded him of prosecuting study and attending lectures at Yale College. At the end of that time he was appointed tutor of Greek in Princeton College, and returned to this place, accompanied by his pupils. In 1839 he became professor of the Greek and Latin language in Lafayette College. It was at that time that my own acquaintance with our departed friend began. And I take pleasure

in adding my testimony to his rare accomplishments, his refined taste, and the ardent enthusiasm which he awakened in his favorite pursuits among the students under his instruction, and the strong personal attachment by which he bound them to himself, which ripened in not a few cases into a life-long intimacy.

In 1841 he accepted the professorship of Latin and modern history in Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, the faculty of which was at that time reorganized, with very promising prospects, under the presidency of Dr. George Junkin.

Some years later the question of a Presbyterian theological seminary for the West was earnestly agitated in various quarters. A wide difference of opinion existed as to the best site for such an institution. The seminary at New Albany had been in existence for several years, but it was under the local control of certain synods, it was but slenderly attended, and its affairs were by no means in a prosperous condition. The heirs of the original donors of the

land upon which Lane Seminary was located were dissatisfied with its management, which they claimed was in violation of its trusts, and they were threatening legal steps for the recovery of the property. There was at that time no other Presbyterian seminary west of Allegheny. In this state of affairs it was thought best to undertake the establishment of a seminary in Cincinnati, under distinctively Old School Presbyterian control. Dr. Nathan L. Rice, at that time one of the leading pastors in Cincinnati, and one of the most eminent divines in the West, became its professor of theology, and Dr. Moffat was invited, in 1852, to become the professor of the languages and the exegesis of the Old and New Testaments. His ready facility in both the Greek and the Hebrew naturally marked him out for such a position, and as he had resolved to give himself to the work of the ministry, and had been licensed to preach the gospel in the preceding year, he accepted the position, receiving at the same time the degree of D.D.

from his *Alma Mater*. The institution, however, was short-lived. In 1853 Dr. Rice was called to an important charge in St. Louis, and at the same time Dr. Moffat was recalled to Princeton as the professor of the Latin language and of history in the college. The Cincinnati seminary, thus deprived of both its professors, was by its directors placed at the disposal of the General Assembly, in order that the whole subject of a seminary for the West might be considered and issued by that body. This resulted, as is well known, in the establishment of Danville Seminary in Kentucky, and McCormick Seminary in Chicago.

In 1854 Dr. Maclean became president of this college, whereupon Dr. Moffat was transferred to the chair which the new president had so long occupied, that of the Greek language and literature. In 1861 he was elected by the General Assembly Helena professor of church history in the Theological Seminary in this place, upon a memorial foundation created by Mr. John C. Green. This posi-

tion he continued to occupy until two years ago, when the infirmities of advancing years admonished him to discontinue active duty. His resignation was offered and accepted in the spring of 1888, but in view of his long-continued services, and as a mark of the respect and affection which was cherished for him, he was made professor *Emeritus* of church history, and a retiring salary was voted to him for the remainder of his life. It being found impossible to fill this chair satisfactorily at once, Dr. Moffat consented, at the unanimous request of the faculty, to deliver his course of lectures for yet another year.

As a professor and teacher, Dr. Moffat was most assiduous and punctual in the discharge of every duty belonging to his position, and he was ever forward and ready to bear any additional burden, or perform any task assigned to him, with the utmost cheerfulness and promptitude. His relations to his colleagues in the seminary have been in all re-

spects most cordial and delightful. There never has been the slightest jar or discord; he was ever frank and outspoken in the expression of his opinions, but never hesitated to yield his judgment with perfect courtesy if it did not meet the general approval of those associated with him. He was a model of Christian, gentlemanly bearing upon all occasions, and received, as he deserved, universal respect and confidence. In the whole of my acquaintance with him, I never heard from his lips an unkind or ungenerous remark, or a single expression which it is unpleasant to recall. He won the respect and affection of all his pupils; and his guileless nature, his purity of character, his undeviating sense of honor and of right, and the thorough consistency of his Christian spirit and demeanor, secured for him universal admiration. There will be sad hearts among those who knew and loved him throughout this land and in other lands, as they hear the announcement of his death.

On the 30th day of May last our venerable friend entered upon his eightieth year. His feebleness was then such as to indicate that his departure could not be long delayed. And on last Saturday, the 7th inst., his suffering spirit laid aside the weary burden which he had carried so long, and entered into rest in that blessed world where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away. And now upon this Commencement Day, when the college which he loved so well and served in such varied capacities, and which holds him in honor among its distinguished sons, has just concluded another year, we are gathered here to bear his body to its last earthly repository. A new band of eager young men has just gone forth to enter upon the battle and the work of this earthly life. This aged veteran has laid his well-worn armor down; his battle has been fought, and the victory won; his work is ended, and the reward is his; he

has gained the prize of an immortal crown, to lay it in triumph at the feet of Him who sits upon the throne. There are partings here, and sad regrets are felt when the final separation comes, and friend leaves friend, and familiar scenes are left behind. But this is the day that the patient scholar ever kept in view from the beginning—the day that ends his course, the day that sets the seal of approbation upon all. It is not death—it is the entrance upon life.

In addition to his strictly professional work, Dr. Moffat was abundant in other useful labors. He loved to preach, and in former years he was in much demand to supply occasional vacancies. He rendered such services cheerfully and was an acceptable preacher. But chiefly he devoted his extra hours to literary labor, which was always congenial to his taste. He made large use of his pen. In addition to numerous contributions to the *Biblical Repository*, and to other reviews and journals, he prepared several volumes, among which may

be mentioned as specially noteworthy a "Life of Dr. Chalmers," "A Comparative History of Religions," "The Church of Scotland," "Church History in Brief," and the memoirs of his friend and classmate, Dr. Owen, which has been already alluded to. He also published some volumes of poetry, which have been regarded as indicating no small degree of poetic talent.

My dear friends, we cannot but feel the melancholy of this sad occasion. We are here to give our sympathy to those who are called to part with a much-loved parent and friend, and yet we are here in the indulgence of a Christian trust. We sorrow not as those who have no hope. We know that as Jesus died and rose again, so them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. Ah! we are not here in the chill and the gloom of a cheerless materialism. Physical dissolution does not terminate personal existence. The grave is only the temporary receptacle of this exhausted bodily frame until such time as it shall be

invigorated afresh. The yawning sepulchre does not imprison the unfettered soul. We lay this precious dust gently away in the bed prepared for it; there may it slumber quietly until the shadows of the night are over, and at the dawn it shall awake and be tenanted once again by the thinking, the conscious, the immortal part which has winged its way to God who gave it.

We base this confidence upon the sure word and the accomplished work of Him who abolished death and brought life and immortality to light; who is the resurrection and the life; and who said, he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Jesus himself rose from the dead because it was not possible that He should be holden of death, and in His own victory over the grave He secured the final triumph of all His followers. The sentence of death has indeed passed upon all our race who are involved in transgression. But to those who are par

takers of the redemption of Christ, death has become the gateway of eternal life. Jesus has gone to prepare a place for them in the many mansions of His Father's house; and now for them that are His, to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord. For we know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

In Memoriam.

JAMES CLEMENT MOFFAT.

BORN *May 30, 1811.*

DIED *June 7 1890.*

HE sleeps ; and o'er his honored tomb
Let June's enamelled verdure grow :
Earth's fairest gems no purer bloom
Than he who rests below.

He lived as lived the hallowed saints
To darker ages kindly given,
Whose presence lent life's discontents
A healing touch of heaven.

He came, and earth new beauty wore—
Ev'n care assumed a gentle grace ;
And darkening doubts aye fled before
God's sunshine in his face.

I loved him ; yet I grieve not now,
Though quenched that wealth of golden speech
Nor moan though glory gilds his brow
Beyond my little reach.

Around me still his friendship clings,
Upon my path his blessing lies,
Sweet as the light from angel's wings
That beams and beautifies.

His voice still greets me from afar,
Like anthems echoing far away ;
His presence fades but as a star
That melts in perfect day.

JAMES KENNEDY.

NEW YORK CITY, *June* 9, 1890.

